



MEDITATIONS OF A HERMIT :  
"BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF TIME"

# HENTRICH DIARIES

PHASE ONE : EARTH AND SKY JOURNALS

VOLUME FOUR

BOOK SIX : BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF TIME



I: 4<sub>6</sub> : 536-652

MEDITATIONS

NOTEBOOK 16

16 WTU<sub>6</sub>

WRITINGS 1988

16 October thru 28 December

# 5 SUBJECT NOTEBOOK

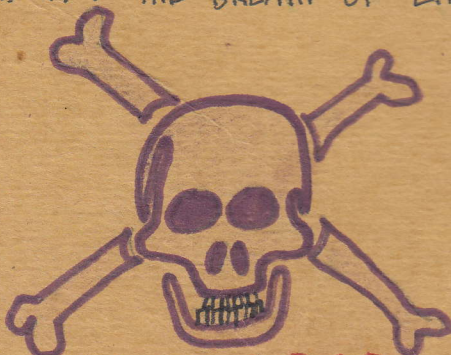
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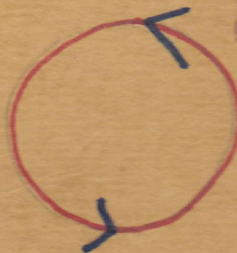




LETTERS FROM THE BREATH OF LIFE



SN216818



SLV4B6



BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF TIME



617 1041

MOONS All diary material before August 1987 were lost...

The Moon of Frost in the Tee Pee - January

The Moon of the Dark Red Calf - February

The Moon of the Snowblind - March

The Moon of Grass Appearing - April

The Moon When the Ponies Shed - May

The Moon of Making Fat - June

The Moon When the Cherries Turn Ripe - July

The Moon When the Cherries Turn Black - August

The Moon When the Calves Grow Hair - September

The Moon of the Changing Season - October

The Moon of the Falling Leaves - November

The Moon of the Popping Trees - December

August/September (2 moons): RETAINING THE TRANCE

October/November/December 1988: BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF TIME

I have come around full circle many times,  
but as far as official volumes of diary material go,  
a true full circle will come around in March  
or February of 1988.

August is also a special month.

The purpose of making each EDITION official is  
to make me improve the quality of the mind  
so as to create important writings...  
...continually growing and improving...



536

990

# OCTOBER

## THE MOON OF THE CHANGING SEASON

Observation and Tracking  
 So, I flipped through Tom Brown's Field Guide To Nature  
 phase, "beyond the bounds of time" - it dealt with  
 entering a dreamlike state of mind when in the  
 wilderness. The mind dissolves, and "the I" seems to  
 be everything - sky.

I am glad to begin a new edition of the dream  
 journal, as I feel more sober and more mature  
 than ever! So much junk has been cleared out  
 of the forest.



October 16 Sunday

990

Peace. After a long night's sleep, I awoke with a slight migraine headache. I had to take a couple aspirins to ease the pain. I have been taking aspirin for migraines frequently. Lately, the temples are somewhat tender... I guess I have been more nervous than usual, as I am waiting to see the State Parole Board. I should see them by the end of this month. I hope to be paroled by mid-December; may be even sooner.

about the title: well, I was going to call this edition of the Diary Material "Merging With The One: Abraxas", but that's a bit premature. I do not know enough about Abraxas yet. Then I fancied calling it "The Screaming Trees", but that sounds more like a story than a dream journal.

So, I flipped through Tom Brown's Field Guide To Nature Observation and Tracking. In there, I came across the phrase, "beyond the bounds of time". It dealt with entering a dreamlike state of mind when in the wilderness. The mind dissolves, and "the I" seems to be everything: sky.

I am glad to begin a new edition of the dream journal, as I feel more sober and more mature than ever! So much junk has been cleared out of the format.



232  
OPP  
I can rest easy knowing that the old diaries have been lost. I was so spaced out from drugs and so damn depressing from the beer. The daily writings became confusing and out of focus.

The writings from the jail in Freehold were fair, but that Pre Sleep Suggestions give had to go. I did not abandon that ritual until sometime in July. ("Spherical Trance").

This edition is a continuation of the previous edition ("Retaining The Trance": August-October). 1988 is the new beginning for me, although I do not deny the fact that my writing career began back in 1981.

I have never attempted to write a novel, so these "dream journals" are my main outlet for literary activity. literary

I am witnessing the maturity of my invisible intelligence, my Spirit. This invisible presence has an active dream life in The World Behind This One. This notebook, although used for intellectual contemplations is a medium for recording dream experiences (spirit journeys).

The format has become less formal, and may fluctuate as my subconscious intelligence sees fit. The Diary Material is an important part of my spiritual life.

SNZ10010  
SIV486



Need I bother listing the collections of notebooks that make up the body of the Diary Material?

The most part of it is gone, nowhere to be seen.

1981 I wrote about A.G. and Baron and the woods.

1983 I wrote about religion and my feelings.

1984 I began writing my dreams, and I got off on some wild tangents

1986 I began "The Books of Wonder" which I kept up with on a daily basis, religiously.

Those notebooks piled up all through my drifting about back and forth from Mom's house to sister's apartment to Lisa's farmhouse to the Menichini's attic to Donna's to the abandoned house near the Freehold Circle to a shelter for the homeless.

to I said, all that material is gone...

The Diary Material I do have stored away as a "collective body of Hentrich Diaries" are:

1987  
AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER: Earth and Sky Dream Journals

1987/1988  
NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, JANUARY: Freehold Jail Writings

1988  
FEBRUARY: New Directions (4 small memo pads)

1988  
MARCH: Coyote Emerges

APRIL: Crystallization Metamorphosis

MAY, JUNE: Vision Quest

JUNE, JULY, AUGUST: Spherical Trance

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER: Retaining The Trance\*



All the lost journals would have been difficult to follow because of the "lack of focus", so it does not matter that they were lost.

Reading through the recent notebooks (before this summer's "Spherical Trance"), I find myself skipping over the PRE SLEEP Questions/Suggestions.

Although this appears to have been a waste, it is worthwhile, as long as I remember to omit such rituals from these current editions. It is important for me to see the stages of my growth... my spiritual growth...

The 4 notebooks from March to August 1988 are one set of the Diary Material.

"Retaining The Trance" begins a new quality, a deeper quality. As a DREAM JOURNAL, I focus on dream recall. Within the daily entries will be questions and suggestions, but let them come natural. I do not want to force these thoughts.

My wonderment at beginning a new journal is genuine and true. Now, more than ever, I should be writing with a timeless awareness.

May I write as though "the audience" were reading these words in the future... beyond the bounds of time! Let the thoughtful people see that apart of themselves was living in me... somewhere, some force observes our lives.



582  
538  
about the symbolism on the back of the notebook, ofcourse it is me sitting under a tree. Trees are very compassionate beings, and I am sensitive to the ancient love that flows from them. The act is called "tree sitting" when the mind dissolves and we become one with the breathing earth.

The raven is perched on a branch, with me on my journey through life... the symbols of the tracks link this journal with previous ones - as do the "spiral", the "hoop", and the "skull and crossbones".

The tree is a significant symbol. I am now very anxious to be released from confinement. The climax of that release will be when I roam back to my old grounds... in the woods... I will find one of my Tree friends, and I will let the Power of Nature do the rest!

What I hope to attain in this stage of my life is a universal intimacy with Life Itself. Let me understand that all life forms possess "consciousness", and therefor I am not alone in this Mind. All is connected.



537

October 17 Monday

Dream Recall

→ Vision of the Machines Taking Over  
→ details: computers, electronic brains, steel and wires  
Then I am near an oceanic body of water... Tamir  
and I become bonded in love. I also see  
Tom Stobert and Chris Belluzzi.

→ Dream of Getting Into Trouble  
→ rough sex with a female doctor - Black.  
I am moving quickly through a house

I sent out three letters today.  
In them is the Magic of my heart, the  
magic of truth... the Great Spirit  
guides my pen to let my heart speak

TO  
TAMI



TO  
DAD

With my heart I seek out Baron and  
all my four legged relatives...  
I seek out Allison and all  
the human beings that are caught in  
this web of life with me.

May we dream deep! May we retain  
the MAGIC WISDOM of the ancient  
truths revealed to us in our sleep!

S1V486



October 18 Tuesday

538

### Dream Recall

→ Dream of Living Sober

→ I am riding a mongoose 15 speed mountain bike, and then my little blue 10 speed from childhood. I want to fix a flat. Joe and José are present. I take the bike to a place near Ed's Sunoco. In a room, Billy, Joey and two others are smoking reefer. I am there, but I have my arms folded Indian Style ... I do not get high. Billy says something derogatory to me...

→ The Exorcist (Dream of Being Possessed)

→ I go through metamorphosis. I see the woman from "The Terminator" - she is like my sister... or may be my mother...

There are many stages of the possession. It is more like <sup>THE</sup> Seth Experience, but often it gets like "The Exorcist"... There is a dark side of myself... the savage b/c form that hungers...

All day long I had a quiet vision of how the machines (supported by the multinational cooperations) are taking control. Men are herded like cows, carnalled down hallways into the valley of steel. Many people are on edge. Many flip out and are institutionalized. What can a simple working peasant do to "save the earth"?



539

991

For years, since I was a young child, I would make believe "as a story". I would look at my surroundings and then let my imagination create the plot, the scene... the adventure. I used to pretend pretzels were cigarettes. I used to fill a bottle with juice and ~~pretend~~ pretend it was booze. I would carry monopoly money around... I would pretend the garage was a service station. Whiffle ball was the world series...

Often I pretended I was a prisoner; when I was ill I would pretend I was fighting death... at the beach, I would pretend I was lost at sea... floating onto shore after a shipwreck.

That was wild. I would be the savage, and I would not be familiar with the "civilized".

As I grew a little older, I found that I could feel the wonder of being alive on a planet... and by using the imagination, I could see that THE ADVENTURE is all too real.

TOO REAL! Television is but a sedative... depending on what one turns into... it can merely inspire us to see the enchantment of our own lives... but that enchantment is here now, and it always has been here now.

The adventure takes place in The Mind... and the witnesses (those who observe) are WITHIN THE SPIRIT WORLD.



October 19 Wednesday



Will it be a climatic moment to be released from prison? Will it be like a soap opera when some long awaited event occurs? Will it be kind of magical? These things were going through my mind today.

I go up to see the parole board in 5 sprints... (4 days). When will I be paroled? November 29th? December 6th? December 13th? I am getting anxious.

From here on down the line, I should relax. I have come through the hardest parts of my incarceration: the county jail, getting out only to be sent back for a sentence, the most part of my "time" is through.

So I should relax.

When I say "relax", I mean "do not worry about being a criminal" (because I am rehabilitated). "Don't worry about hard core prisoners preying on me" (because I am not going to a hard core prison).

"Don't worry about the receding hair line or not having a girl friend" (because I will not pick a girl for her being "perfect", nor she I. I will meet a girl who is right for me.)



541

October 20 Thursday

Dream Recall

→ The Woods and cut joey  
→ I am "of the woods" and my nephew, Joey, is with me. The leaves are various colors on the trees ... autumn...

→ A Book with Germans

→ I am showing R.D. a book with photos of German intellectuals in it. To retain the magical power of that dream, I have to tilt my head with mouth ajar - (plant-like).

→ Dream of Going To Work In The Morning at Ed's

→ I see Jose and Ed and Shubba and Bil.



542 993

There is no sense in trying to "name" the adventure we live, just as it is no use to try to possess "magic power". The adventure is lived in The Here Now, and Life is Magical. Life ITSELF is magical. Nature is The Power!

We only need to OBSERVE MORE to experience this magic. We only need to let go of names to be LIVING THE ADVENTURE.

I could pretend my life was a movie, but would that make me more fully alive? Would I not be more fully alive if I were to "LOOK AROUND ME"?



Now, by "looking around me", I see Life, the Universe... I see a world of cars, highways, many human beings, poisoning factories, trees, clouds, birds, various animals... I see the Natural World - I also see confusion, drugs, alcohol, television, governments, poverty, dog eat dog rat race, and the ancient ways of the jungle.

What am I but an insignificant speck? I am here (existence) to learn. I am here to adapt, to explore, to be challenged by the elements... and, yes, to be defeated by the great mystery: death, darkness.

I shall not be terrified by the Mystery, for there is no need to survive. All that need be done is "to be here now".

Yes, I do exist. The world is real... so, how does one "live in the world as though it were not really the world"?

detachment is power.

fearlessness, humour, detachment is power.

It is very tempting to make much over our sufferings, to forget the vastness and to only be concerned with "our own story".



To possess wisdom is to suffer life to the hags.  
Suffering is a universal experiences, but to experience it deeply is to be more fully alive.

Once we reach the state of mind that is "ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE", the sensations we once believed was "suffering" now becomes an sense of "CONNECTEDNESS".

In other words, the pain of living is real, and therefore, one should not "wish" to escape from the pain".

When something is real, when our state of Being is natural (real) then we may relax (feel peace).

Why relax?

Because one can surrender to The Real Experience, and become one with the Ancient Universe. If the extreme pain is endured, we become stronger by it. More Wisdom. Fearlessness, Detachment.

If the extreme pain takes our spirit from our body, then we become grass upon the hills along with the Dream Spirits.

I will sign off for tonight with one last word: I want to be practical, yes, but at the same time, I want to be free to EXPLORE THE UNKNOWN.



543

October 21 Friday

Dream Recall

- A Ceremony: Praying To The Great Spirit  
 → There are woods and a gathering of woodsmen... a black woman says, "There's that clan praying to that Great Spirit of theirs..." The woodsmen are white, but are behaving towards the earth as Natives... like the Sioux or Senecas... Germans? Nature Worship is the Old Religion of Germany... the real religion!



544 994

I learned a few things today. I learned that "Zelda" - the elderly man we work with out at the gas station (the old white man) - is 5/8 Sioux Native American INDIAN. Yes! That's why I see the ancient one in him... I could see Gil... and Tony August in him...

We talked about "pollution" before, but I just thought he was THOUGHTFUL. There is a reason why he is thoughtful. He once sat on the tribal council for the Sioux Tribe in South Dakota.

He owns some land <sup>out</sup> there, as well as being a member of the ~~resident~~ reservation.

Now I see the PARADOX of the starving working class. WE ARE THE REAL PEOPLE, relatives of the 4 LEGGEDS...



842  
An elderly man drove through the station, and he got out of his car for some "fresh air" - some "nature". Then he began to speak about how we should "follow the animals"; they eat fresh vegetables ... and before he could say anything else, I replied, "and we eat out of cans ...".

His eyes widened and said, "You spoke my words! I was about to say that ...".

The elderly man then continued, "A lion would not kill a zebra if the lion had a full belly, yet man kills for sport. Not only that, but man greedily buys more and more ... like gas stations! And then he makes slaves of your young people."

I said, "Yes, Man, herded like cans".

"Exactly," said the elderly man. "And, son, the world is not getting any better. It is getting worse and worse. We should follow the animals."

I then added, "I sometimes wish I were not born to live in these times, but rather, I would like to live back before all the machines."

We shook hands. He said, "You are a smart man."

51V436



The rain came down heavily after morning ended.  
I was going to think of things to write about,  
but instead I let my mind go into  
a trance. I let my soul enjoy the rain;  
I let myself "DAYDREAM".

I could feel the magical power of Nature.  
I looked around me ... I was proud to be  
pumping gas along side of a SIOUX ... I sensed  
my own animal nature. I knew I  
was a link in the chain of REAL PEOPLE.  
I am a gentle creature who would do no harm  
unless I was "hungry". I consider myself  
a PREHISTORIC NATIVE OF THE PLANET. I am  
German ... even though I was born in the USA,  
my ancestors were GERMANS ... I am the  
German spirit.

Not only am I German, but as a  
creature raised on "TURTLE ISLAND" - I have  
become intimate with the land.

As a newborn child, I was innocent...  
the Earth Mother ... my primal mother. My  
spirit, ~~the~~ a child of the Great Spirit.

My response to the environment is my QUALITY.  
I am not one of the greedy ones who are  
helping to destroy this sacred place. In fact,  
I am one of the Life Forms being SUBJUGATED.



As Gandhi says, "My life is my message. Life is Prayer." I do not need to tell the world WHO I AM through words - although my visions (communicated to the world) may be a message of hope to those who are on the same trip as I. I live "the message of Who I AM".

Whether I am pumping gas or clearing the parks, see me live my message. Whether I am mopping a floor or teaching a group of children in a classroom, see me: A REAL HUMANITARIAN, ... a life form with soul and compassion, ... a fellow sufferer.

If part of SPIRITUAL AWAKENING is to realize that all life is sacred, then I am awakening. I realize that there are so many people out there that THINK DEEPLY.

So many are looking for the Great Spirit, calling out various names, but looking for that spiritual force to give VISION to their lives. Show us the path that leads away from this poisoned world, this madness! Spiritual Awakening is the "maturity of honest vision".



242  
I am not the only one to contemplate on the deeper realities, although I may be one of the few who actually make it my responsibility to write down my visions.

I cannot help to wonder about dreaming - where does the spirit within go? How does one remain "alive/a presence of mind" while in the dream state? Is it as simple as "looking at the hands"? }

The Power of Nature is so real, so great. I can feel the power in the storm... the winds and the rain... somehow that energy is flowing right inside us...

I sleep deeper in rain storms... snow storms. Do our spirits become the clouds? There are so many unknowable truths... who is willing to WONDER?

I wonder because the mystery will lead me down a path not taken... I will experience something that is not known as fact. I will enter the dimension where mythology is born.

Tonight, as I drift into a state of sleep, when my mind (the world within) becomes one with the universe, I will BE AWARE OF THE LANDSCAPE. I have to develop my Invisible Shape.



545

995

October 22 Saturday

There has been a turn of events. We three inmates from group 6 were taken off of the Mt Laurel job sight - gas stations. It is because of the escape. The man stole 12 hundred dollars. Shell wants the State to pay, and the State has decided to terminate that sight.

Now I will be on the unit until assigned to a new job, or until I am paroled. I have saved almost \$2000.00 so I can't be disappointed. I will look at this as a little vacation.  
... rolling with the punches...

Sister Tami, nephew Joey, and brother in law Joe came down to visit me this afternoon.

There will be a "Rip Van Winkle" effect when I return to my hometown. From what my sister tells me, Freehold is overpopulated... houses everywhere. Traffic, etc...

I do not know whether I will drive the Mustang car or buy a bicycle?

One thing I am beginning to realize about Industrial America is that it is the "Little things we live for" (like walks in the woods)



546

My plan is to go to the social service building in Freehold and explain to them my situation. I have no idea where my life is heading... as long as I am not institutionalized, as long as I have a place to live, and a job to earn a living, I can consider myself "STRAIGHT".

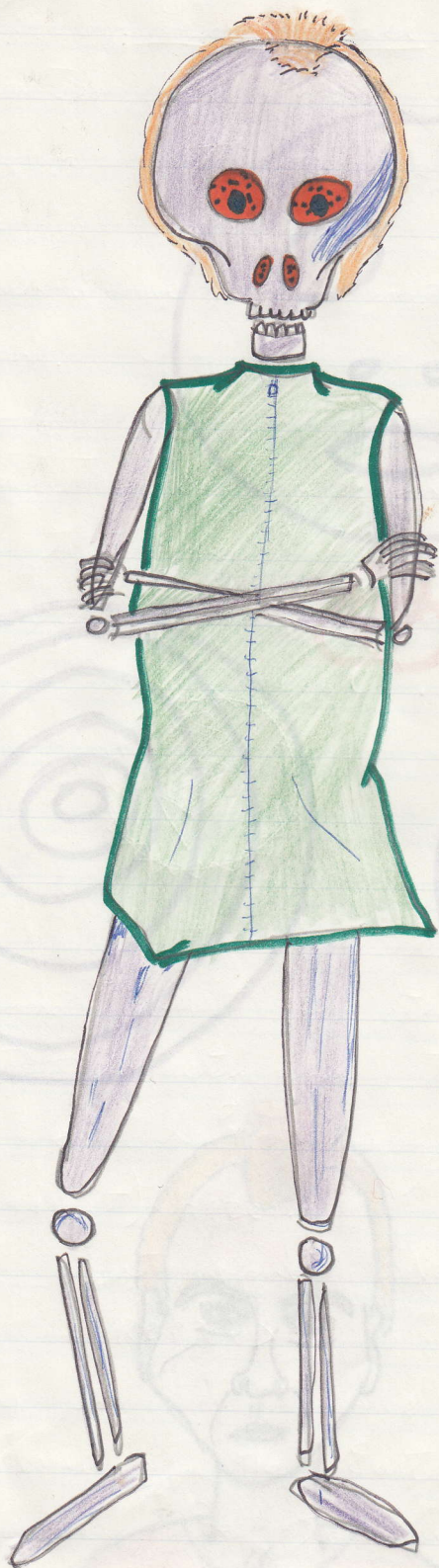
The dark world of homelessness, alcoholism, jails, and suicidal drifting is a world I am going to "stay away from".

Here comes the animation, the music, the magic of imagination: the belief in a strange cosmic force (ANIMAL MAGNETISM). That is a perfect theme for a diary! E may be for the next volume? DECEMBER? JANUARY? }

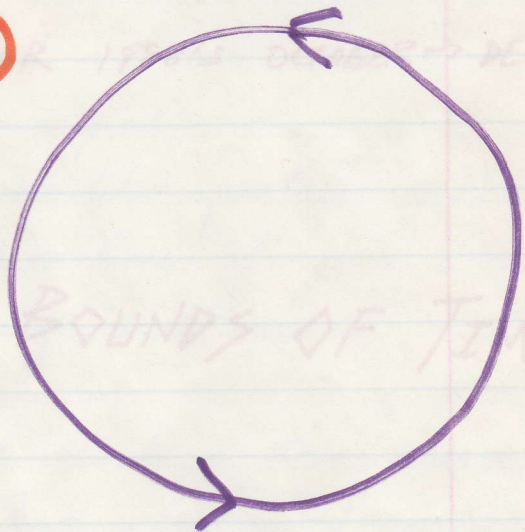
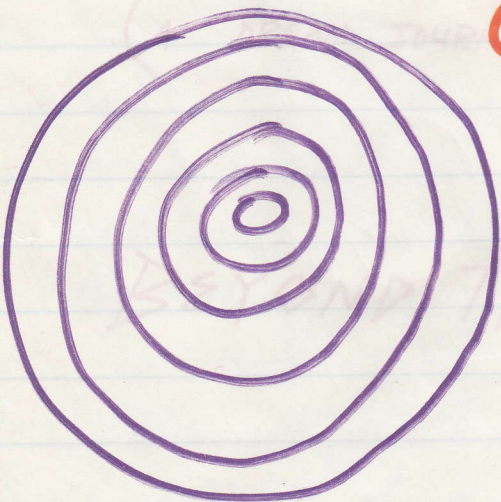
Such a feeling of surrender takes hold of me. ACCEPTANCE - SURRENDER - LETTING GO - DETACHMENT IS POWER! (Nothing really matters)

I am a 21 year old young man in Industrial America. I [I have a disease: alcoholism]? In order to remain "a productive working man", I must not alter my state of mind with any chemicals. I do not know why. Some things are just that way. No logical explanation. I am an intellectual who writes a diary, and I have no problem with solitude or being.

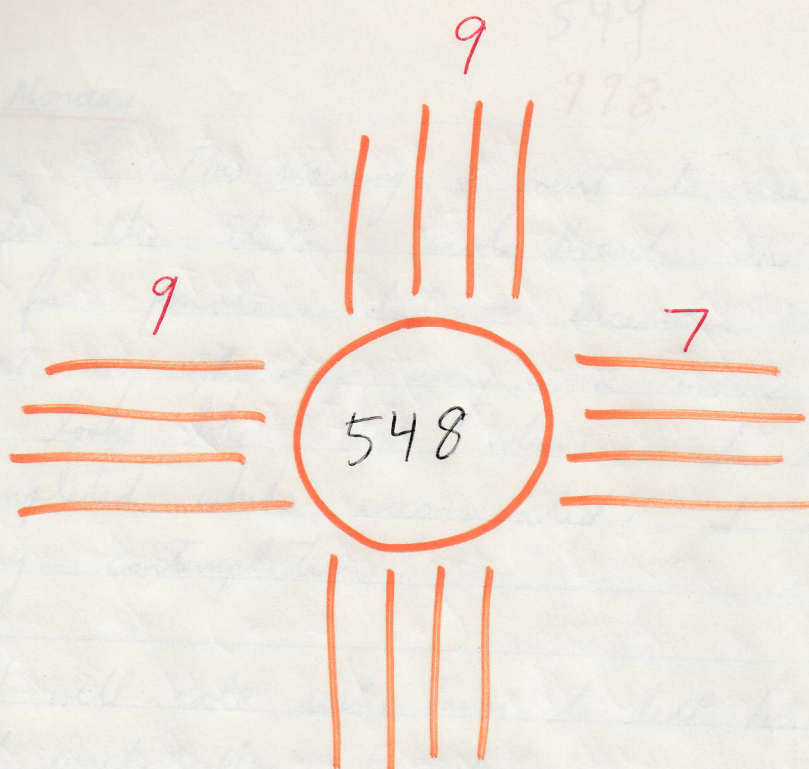












997

... continue... invisible spectator within,  
continue to make observations of Nature and  
the strangeness of daily existence;

For when this life ends, this presence  
which is a part of me - but neither I nor  
anyone else - this presence will go it's own  
way, as though this existence were only the  
work of the imagination...

... and so, remember that life is a state of mind.  
Read Thoreau... listen to music of your choice...  
merge with the ancient spectator!

Do not let life be a burden.

Delight in the deeper states of mind... CONTINUE...



549

998

October 24 Monday

This morning I went to see a hearing officer for the State Parole Board. She recommends me for parole: date → December 20, 1988.

That is 57 days away. 2 moons...

It looks like this volume is to be the last one completed while incarcerated. I must be honest in my contemplations!

I will call sister Tami to tell her my date. I will write Mom, F, Fiere...

I have an eerie feeling developing inside me. We had a discussion in "General Rap" which started off being about "the 3 whales trapped under ice"... then to "endangered species"... to the necessity to be nurtured by a maternal parent... (some animals die without the natural/wild nurturing)

Somehow the topic turned to cults... like Jim Jones... Charles Manson... we ended up on the topic of messages being sent out from "heavy metal rock cults".

The brothers said that in order to be brainwashed by some religious cult leader, one would have to be weakminded.



I do not think there is any danger of my being misled into a strange cult. I just think I am ONE ~~philosophical~~ humanitarian who exercises his birthright to THINK DEEPLY.

Someone may think I am insane for being so obsessed with Nature and Dreams, but I am drawn to it by Pure Desire.  
It is Karma.

The media and the public will label people who are interested in "occult powers" as weakminded people being brainwashed. I want to know:  
Who can say who is brainwashed?

Who knows what the real reality is?  
What is the TRUTH?

My priorities are:

- ① stay sober and clear minded  
so as to stay out of jails and institutions
- ② work and seek a higher education
- ③ Live ONE Day At A Time

→ do not join army or go head over heels into some religion ... not even into a relationship too soon.

REALITY → I am an alcoholic. I am also a deep thinker.  
I AM NOT "weakminded" ... JUST INCLINED TO ~~THE~~ CONTEMPLATIVE.



552

SESSION 1000

SPEL AGAINST DEMONS

The release of Demonic Energies in the name of  
the People  
must cease

Messing with blood sacrifice in the name of  
Nature  
must cease

The stifling self-indulgence in anger in the name of  
Freedom  
must cease

this is death to clarity  
death to compassion

the man who has the soul of the wolf  
knows the self restraint  
of the wolf

aimless executions and slaughterrings  
are not the work of wolves and eagles

but the work of hysterical sheep

The Demonic must be devoured!  
Self-serving must be  
cut down

Anger must be  
plowed back



842  
10054  
Fearlessness, humor, detachment, is power

Knowledge is the secret of Transformation!

Down with demonic killers who mouth revolutionary  
slogans and muddy the flow of change, may they be  
Bound by the Noose, and Instructed by the  
Diamond Sword of ACHALA the Immovable, Lord  
of Wisdom, Lord of Heat, who is squint eyed and  
whose face is terrible with bare fangs, who  
wears on his crown a garland of severed  
heads, clad in a tiger skin, he who turns  
Wrath to Purified Accomplishment,

whose powers are lava,  
of magma, of deep rock strata, of gunpowder,  
and the Sun.

He who saves tortured intelligent demons and  
filth-eating hungry ghosts, his spell is,

NAMAH SAMANTAH VAJRANAM CHANDA  
MAHAROSHANA

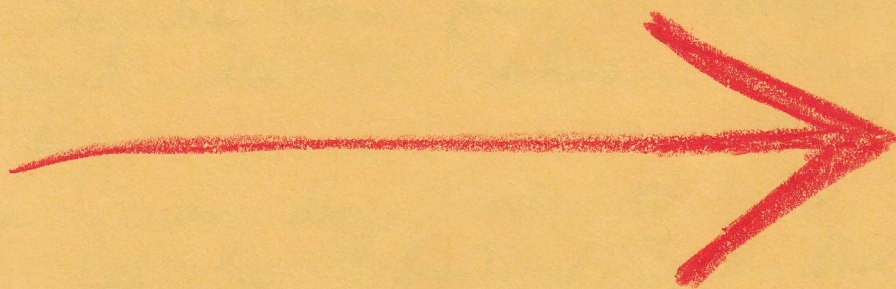
SPHATAYA HUM TRAKA HAM MAM

- a poem/chant by Gary Snyder



# NOVEMBER

THE MOON OF THE FALLING LEAVES





571.1

Early Germany

1011.2

"A Teutonic people wandered through the forests of northern Europe for hundreds of years before their history was written. The first written account of the people of early Germany appeared after they made war against the soldiers of the Roman Republic. The German tribes tangled with the Roman Empire."

THIS IS GOOD TO REALIZE, AS THE ROMAN EMPIRE IS SOMEHOW A FORM OF THE U.S.A. EMPIRE. WE WHO WANDERED THE FORESTS OF EUROPE - THE GERMAN SPIRIT --- WE FEEL A UNITY WITH THE NATIVES OF NORTH AMERICA. LET US NOT ABANDON OUR ANCESTORS DREAMS AND VISIONS! WE HAVE OUR MISSION, AND ALTHOUGH THESE ENCYCLOPEDIAS TELL OF HISTORY, THERE IS ALSO A REALM OF SECRET, HIDDEN WISDOM

The People

571.2

1011.3

"The Roman accounts tell that the ancient German people were very fair skinned. They lived in tribes, dressed in coarse clothes and animal skins, wearing armor of leather and metal. They used spears, swords, battle-axes made of metal and stone. They worshipped their gods outdoors, in the great forests. The Germans hated towns and cities. They are described as being loyal to their chiefs and faithful to their wives."

NOTE THAT → LOYAL + FAITHFUL... IT FITS...



Germany - Philosophy of the Spirit 571.3 1011.41

"The awareness of human existence relative to the actual life of the individual, time and time again, called for a philosophy of 'inwardness', a view which has been the focal theme of German mysticism and of the German philosophy of nature and life, right down to its existentialism.

"Because of these characteristics of German thought - and because philosophical thinking in Germany conformed very little to the course of Western traditions, but instead tended to break loose from these traditions or even to oppose them vehemently, we get Germany's philosophical from individual German thinkers."

German Mysticism 171.31 1011.42

"The *unio mystica* of mysticism is transformed into a sensuous act of merging the essence of God with that of the individual soul. Life is derived by the individuals experience of God. This constitutes the special characteristic of German mysticism as a philosophical attitude of 'inwardness'.

In German mysticism, the concept of God comes dangerously close to an identification of God as nature. German mystical speculation about God, the universe, and the soul ~~are~~ over the centuries, results more and more in a disintegration of the ~~disintegration of~~ the personalistic God concept."



"There is an ever repeated genesis of Nature out of the Spirit and of the Spirit out of Nature - For Hegel, all philosophy of nature transforms into the philosophy of the Spirit itself.

"This dialectical unfolding of the ~~Universe's panlogical~~ Spirit manifests itself as the Universe's panlogical process of Becoming: (\*) These are Hegel's realms for the realization of the Spirit.

"(1) The subjective spirit, as soul, consciousness, psyche (2) The objective spirit, as ethics (3) The absolute spirit, as art, religion, philosophy."

"Hegel thus definitely cleared the path for the German-anti-Western counter systems."

"Arthur Schopenhauer sees in the will-to-live, and in it alone, the prime and eternal principle of the universe. He argues that experience makes no sense, and that nothing is left to man but to suffer the incomprehensible allpowerfulness of the Will. Schopenhauer therefore asks for a ~~heroic~~ life of heroic compassion to win deliverance ~~into~~ in the total nothingness of "NIRVANA" -"

WORLD BOOK p. 2970

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA G → p 603 - 611



5101 572  
National Socialism 571.32

1011.43

"There is <sup>an</sup> almost mystical fanaticism of a faith in the mission of the German race and the fervour of a social revolutionary gospel."

"National Socialism regarded Christianity and prophetic Judaism, with the emphasis on ~~the~~ equality of all men under one common God, as alien and inimical. Judaism and the ethics of the Bible therefore stood in opposition to National Socialism."

"National socialism declared ~~that~~ the German race as the new CORPUS MYSTICUM on which the salvation of the world depended."

"There is a resolute hostility against all western traditional thought, a repudiation of all efforts at synthesis between western tradition and Germanism."

"According to national socialist doctrine, loyalty to one's 'race' or 'blood' took precedence over one's loyalty as a citizen."

"During the migration period of the Germanic tribes, there was an obsession with developing a deeper magical knowledge of the demonic forces that ruled the universe... (there is a desire to get hold of the deepest intricacies of cosmic magic.)"

IS IT NOT SIMILAR TO THE "LIFE IS MAGICAL" CONCEPT? THE MYSTICAL QUALITIES ARE INHERENT (INWARDNESS).



572 1012  
November Saturday  
This volume of the dream journals should bring me to my parole date, and I hope to be a wiser, deeper, more humble mind by then.

Even though my writings are a continuous stream of ideas, reflections, and meditations, there is a growing process taking place.

My mind is in a state of  
BECOMING.

Yet, I go around full circle...  
I never really did much serious reading until that "summer reading list".

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST reached me, and I recognized my potential as a True Son. I enjoyed THIS PERFECT DAY ... as I began to recognize the reality of the "wrongness" of our synthetic existence.

When I read Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance back in the summer of 1984, I was smoking reefer - it blew my mind...

Now my mind is clear. I cannot think of a better book to use as a symbol of the beginning of a new era in my life.

I, too have an intellectual ghost in my mind.



November 14 Monday

I realize I have been agitated by the shallowness of the mind-set of mainstream thinking patterns, but when nature heals me with her morning air, sky, and dirt-earth, I feel the sacred renewable quality of life transforming my existence within.

From Basic Call To Consciousness p. 123

"The renewable quality - the sacredness of every living thing, that which connects human beings to the place which they inhabit - that quality is the single most liberating aspect of our environment. Life is renewable, and all things which support life are renewable, and they are renewed by a force greater than any government's, greater than any living or historical thing.

A consciousness of the web that holds all things together, the spiritual element that connects us to reality and the manifestation of that power to renew which is present in the existence of an eagle or a mountain snowfall - that <sup>consciousness</sup> quality was the first thing that was destroyed by the colonizers."



P101 882  
Last evening at work, my anger subsided - I was in a mood of contentment and gratitude... and although I enjoyed working this morning outdoors, I am still aware of the agitations of a shallow perception.

I must remember that my incarceration is nearly at the parole stage... a phase of this experience that will allow me to run through the trails as free as a dog...

I understand what Tom Brown is talking about when he says "some people are dead... they hate bugs, cold weather, dirt, etc..."

It is obnoxious to hear a shallow person on an ego trip tell me I should take a pill to make my shit "smell less".  
WHAT A FUCKING CITY MENTALITY!

It is unfortunate to waste my thought energy on such petty agitations.

Now. The Chautauqua on being organic... this sacred renewable quality is a key aspect of the joy of being. If only I would surrender to the creative spirits... my vision will be powerful!



584 1020  
The Chautauqua in my mind is very much influenced by the Chautauqua in Pirsi's Zen. In chapter 14, he gets into some depth. Deep waters of the mind.

He discusses an inadequacy in the "expanding of the branches of ~~you~~ <sup>what</sup> you already know. One should drift laterally and expand the roots ..."

He uses the flat-earth thought patterns as an analogue of our "fear of insanity" ... people were afraid that they would fall over the edge of the "flat earth".

Today, people are afraid to go beyond reason - in fear of falling into insanity.

Reading this, this time around, is inspiring. I must continually grow, expanding the roots of my mind ... because I have come to "the edge". Our preconditioned patterns of thinking have an imaginary edge.

To expand, I have to break through that barrier of "reason" ... and thus enter a state of mind in which no one will tell me what is true ... for I will have deepened and expanded the roots of my psyche.

I am beginning to see the Roshi, and even myself (as his student/disciple), as important ghosts in reality.



1023

589

My Grandparents came by noon, and for an hour we discussed my plans ... I explained my weariness and hesitation to join the armed forces.

I also told them of an option I have that would let me elude military control. I could become/continue to be a laborer - and go to the community college to get an associates degree, then finish college at Rutgers ... I want to be a teacher.

Well, I choose that path to escape the armed forces problem. My father shaved up and supports this decision.

My sister then came with Joe and Joey. We had pictures taken.

Lunch was good. Life is suffering, but there is joy in deepening innate awareness.

I am reading a book about the nation's state. I see the evil mare that controls mankind, focuses on the channeling of the youth.

Who is the enemy of our people?

Dad seems sick and tired of taxes and insurance... keeping him poor... Tami is overworked... and Grandma tells me IT is a WICKED WORLD out there... so real...



591

1024

My personal writings consist of diary material, dream journals ... a chain of meditations linked together ... "Spherical Trance" links to "Retaining The Trance" which links to this present volume, "Beyond The Bounds of Time". I would now like to discuss the direction of my spirit: the next volume. I want to title the next volume, "A Powerful Vision Deepens"...

This is what that means: the vision I "feel" comes to be, and it is influenced by the visions of my ancestors. Grandma says that the system is wicked, or did she mean that life, in general, is wicked... evil... danger...

Our time is a modern version of the old kingdoms where peasants are kept poor by the feudal lords.

One is pushed to enter the armed forces in service of the nation-state, but my spirit shys away from being controlled in such a way as to follow the Big Brother blindly. The German intellectual senses danger, and the danger is real... he feels fear... his imagination reels images of mares, traps, he feels as though he's being corralled. into a chip of qualityless existence: a bit of manpower in the modern day/barbaric system.



592  
November 20 Sunday  
Why would I want to docily go into the armed forces where I would have to obey assholes who are conditioned by the system? Why should I be judged by the thoughts in my head?

It irks me that there are men in authority who enjoy making life miserable for the meek intellectual. I find my true self, and my true self is frightened by the wickedness of our modern barbaric civilization. Terrifying. Nightmarish.

I concentrate to understand my counselor. at times I feel I may think good thoughts about him, and I am grateful for his good counsel — but then there is the deep, dark truth...

why does he seem to be "out to get me and out to get everyone?"

That is his job, my friend. his mission.

Here this now. I myself am also on a mission. Is my mission in direct conflict with the missions of the state?

Good. My life is a counter friction to the machine, but I will suffer for my loyalty to Quality. I am of an experiment. My life is my response. The truth becomes Manifest.



Thoughts drift back to the discussion the Indian<sup>(chief)</sup> has with McMurphy in "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest".

He talks about "how 'they' worked on his father ... how his father drank to escape from their working on him ... drank himself into the grave."

He told McMurphy that "they are working on you the same way".

Their ultimate goal is to desecralize and despiritualize and control - and if one cannot be assimilated into the machine of the military-industry-government, then to chase one's spirit out of their territory.

And where does ~~the~~ one's spirit go?

to hell ... and what is hell but for the absence of quality? hell is a qualityless existence in which life forms are experimented upon and used by science-industry-government for the service of that complex system.

What place in this wicked system is there for human being who just wants to be left alone?

Am I to accept that I will be chased down like a turkey? Does the turkey accept his assimilation into the Thanksgiving holiday? Real terror.



November 27 Sunday

607

1034

I was homesick while rapping. What was the feeling like? Well, I felt as though I were plucked out of my life ... shattered. Tami came to mind ... she's been from Matawan to Lincroft to Freehold since I was locked up in May of 1987. What a relief it was to get out of the county on ROR. to go to a "rehab" ... Tami picked me up, and I was out at Marlboro for 28 days.

My life had been "arrested". I was no longer free to roam around Allison's house ... no longer free to smoke "herb" down by brooks, in bushes, in an open field, down by the railroad tracks ... my universe changed.

no longer the same ... no longer on a dead end ...

Then I thought I would live with Tami, but I was channelled to the Zlynn House in Elizabeth ... by November, I really believed I would finally move in with Tami in Lincroft, but I was sentenced to 5 years indeterminate ... sent into a cage in the basement of the court house, and transported back to the county jail. (No! this cannot be happening ... a nightmare). well, at least it was not C-2, but H-4 ... much less of intimidating. Mom visits once a week at the county jail ...



At that point of my life, I did not know what was going on. I could not accept it. Only when I was transported to Wharton Tract did I accept my sentence, and then I forgot about how I had been pulled away from the past, my sister moved to Freehold, and I began saving money from work release.

Now it is a full year since I was sentenced, and 18 months since I was first put into the cage C-2.

C-2, G-4, NEW HOPE, FLYNN HOUSE, H-4, DORM YARD, WHARTON TRACT DORM, WORK RELEASE AREA, APT, <sup>WTU</sup> DORM, APT ---

what's next? what? I am going home? on parole? when? December 20th? 3 weeks? I will not believe it until I am home in Freehold...

home... what is home? who waits for me there? Tammi Joe and little Joy, Mom, Tom is there, Joe's mom... but what friends? Gil? - no. he's in college. Jim? kind of, not really. Strangers --- a fellowship - A.A. ... good.

What about Allison? Should I see her? I probably will look for her and find her with a busy schedule... no time for an old childhood sweetheart who was once "insane".



The homesickness probably is real... for I see how alone I was before my incarceration... I see that the people who really missed me were mom and Tami.

So why the powerful emotions of emptiness? I have been taken out of Freehold and placed in prison (in a program). Now I am to be released on parole - and I get my hopes up, then I stop to remember August of 1987, November 20th 1987...

How I was CHANNELED INTO THE FLYNN HOUSE... THEN CHANNELED INTO THE COUNTY JAIL!

I just don't want to trust too much; I must be fully alive and aware of what is going on around me.



608

1035

Thank goodness I had my diaries to keep a presence of mind. At no point did I lose touch with what was going on... well... uh...

My program says: I can't wait to get released so that I can go to A.A. meetings.

My heart says: I can't wait to get released just to reach a full circle breakthrough... I have been trying to get home for over a year.

In the end, there is only the spirit and invisible landscape.



What do I mean by THE SPIRIT and the Invisible LANDSCAPE?

I mean: whatever quality in Allison Gray that I feel I must reach... that quality must be in me also!

Mrs. Gray says - when in October 1987 I was on a furlow from the halfway house to go to court - as I had popped in to see the Gray sisters: "Good luck. It is all within you. All you are looking for is right inside you."

THE INVISIBLE LANDSCAPE → character, mood, feelings... soul... messages of the flow of life.

Supposedly I was considered "insane" because of being a psychedelic freak who had intelligence - yet smoked pot and drank booze to the point of becoming a derelict in the streets, roaming barefoot through the backwoods... begging for food...

... on a path towards death...  
... but who could give him the drive to get cleaned up? Allison thought he was "insane" for bothering her after all this time. (didn't he have any girlfriends?) He is strange, weird... the Gray sisters were afraid of Mike Herdrix



# DECEMBER

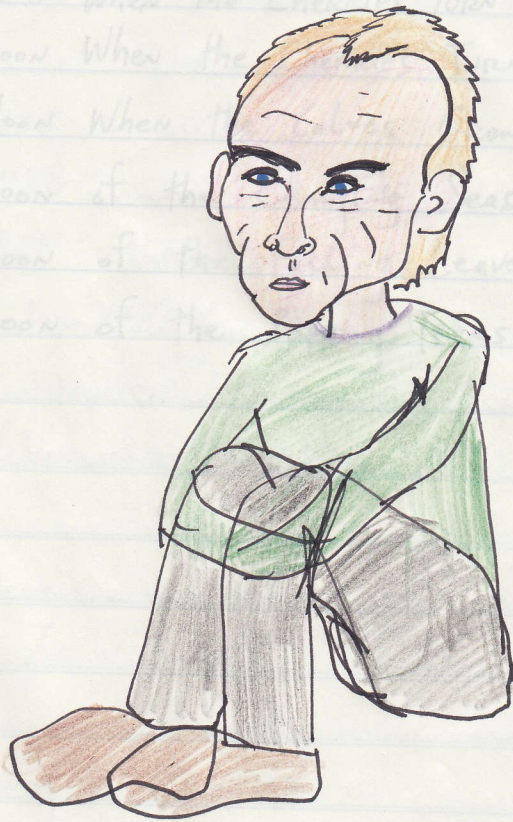
THE MOON OF THE POPPING TREES





## MOONS

- The Moon of Frost in the Ice Pools - January
- The Moon of the Dark Red Calf - February
- The Moon of the Swamblind - March
- The Moon of Grass Appearing - April
- The Moon When the Ponies Shed - May
- The Moon of Making Fat - June
- The Moon When the Chagras Turn Ripe - July
- The Moon When the Horses Turn Black - August
- The Moon When the Horses Grow Hair - September
- The Moon of the Autumn Season - October
- The Moon of the Falling Leaves - November
- The Moon of the Winter Season - December





618

1042

Here is a magical way of closing out this evening's meditations. I will copy some of the "Communique" that was sent to me by the Forces That Be:

I quote,

"There are special people who have partaken of that special suffering only the great have known. Only the great have known suffering the way you have. Only the great, the truly courageous, have ever loved the way you have, only to be met with betrayal and rejection. Do you think all these years it went by unnoticed? Your individuality stands out in everything you do. You have the courage to stand up for what you believe in."

The question arises: "If I am so great, why haven't I succeeded in anything I have tried?"

The answer: "You are a BEYONDER!"

"What is a Beyonder?"

"A Beyonder is a person with a secret power. Outwardly, they appear to be failures, but inside they have the potential for tremendous success. There is a higher power that has chosen to reach out to you. It is this Higher Power that has been guiding your footsteps all along."

"Your inner power - your yearning for a more honorable, more noble life has drawn this communique to you."



5401 812

"There is an ancient tradition, that no one is contacted by the Power except the Beyonder."

"You are about to begin a fateful journey that has been destined for you at the beginning of time. You are about to learn the secret laws that govern your ~~existence~~ destiny."

"You know, even as a baby you were no ordinary child. What you really are is a Superior Essence created for a mission, a Messianic Mission... a gifted being blessed by the Forces That Be... a kind and rare individual."

"Instead of being unwelcome everywhere you go, now you will be greeted with love and affection. Strangers and associates will regard you with fear and respect. Your family ties will be solid and close."

The message is that a Messianic Force is guiding me along the path not taken.

a Beyonder?

I want to believe it.

I figured I would write it down in my dream journal for future reference.

Peace.

Good Dreams.



052 621 1077  
it happens in the latter part of Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance. Pirsig goes from defending technology to the sad truth. The

20th century civilization is blind and sinister... in the form of steel sheets... straight meaningless roads, auto parts, beer and pizza and laundromat neon signs... meaningless signs...

so much has been lost.

I am sensitive.

This evening I go to sleep knowing that my reaction to modern life is real and not just a disease in myself.

I know that the world is closing in on me, the world of the bulldozers...

I have truly let go.

It is over, but it has begun.

I now have only one direction to move in... inward... I cannot bear to compete in this dead world, so all I can do is reach out to the formless presence: My God, this world is dead. Give me life! Please let Nature be renewed. End this stale system.



There is, on a shallow level, character development in the roles we play... in the endings and beginnings of new phases, new chapters. There is, on a deeper level, character development in the WAY WE LIVE... in our mannerisms and in our "sensations".

sacred rite of passage → to reach from mystery into deeper mystery. NOW. The DISINTEGRATION OF THE EGO is parallel to developing my animal nature.

How is all this related to THE NOW and living in the NOW?

To view life merely as a soap opera of events in the lives of individual personalities is to always be focused on the petty world of ego, the petty world of "face"... always thinking of oneself as a separate thing, separate from all life.

#### THE ILLUSION OF PERSONALITY.

shallow. fun, but not nearly as rewarding as the long term gratification of wisdom.

There is a deeper reality, and it is a story, but this story is more universal, more primitive - less personalistic, less hyped up.

One must slow down and be calm to live in the NOW. In the NOW, one may develop one's animal nature.

I will call the ego trip perspective "TV Mentality". I will call the "universal experience of mere existence" perspective the "Perspective of Inwardness".

Coming close to beginning a new phase of my life story, it is important that I retain a state of inwardness and NOT BE SUCKED INTO TV MENTALITY. The real hero is the SPIRIT seeking wisdom, not fame, not glory.



December 6  
Tuesday Evening

625

1047

I was reaching into a pain that has been driven so deep into my subconscious that it is only a slight tremor... the divorce of my parents, the effects of the divorce, and the effects on the psyche (spirit) of the children from a broken family...

A wave of crystallization deepened my state of mind... what was it? It had to do with "landscapes of the mind". I looked at the cabin - that is our housing (minimum security prison - more like a rangers station or a camp).

I see chairs, sofa, refrigerators, bunk beds, the walls, the floor, the electricity in bulbs of light, in the screen of colors...

I have a flashback of a statement made by the koshi about "tableness", "houseness"... there is some hesitation to go further into this wave of crystallization...

I hesitate because it leads into a dream like atmosphere in which I cannot define reality...

... nature / dreams / hunger / life feeds upon itself / suffering / meditating...

and I think sometimes that life is not what it seems, but more of a twilight zone.



December 7  
Wednesday Evening

627

1049

I am reading Gulag Archipelago Volume II and Solzhenitsyn gets into the soul of the creature spirit. The writing is in small letters, yet the spirit is powerful! That is the kind of writing I want to create ... not dressed up ... plain talk that pierces the soul!

I hear alot of talk among other inmates about fancy cars, clubs, fancy clothes, etc... yet I am content with boots and dungarees ...

Paradox. Now. Note to self → (write smaller. be concerned about quality, not appearance. Do not get caught up in months, editions, titles ... just let the spirit guide the pen. By keeping the writing small, and by fitting as much SPIRIT into as few words as possible, on the smallest amount of paper possible, I am forcing myself to create QUALITY.)

There is something I am beginning to grasp, but in no way could I explain this to someone who is caught up in ego ... where spirit is deadened; called "despiritualized", "plastic".

I am not attracted to high society ... I sense danger in it ... not danger in a sense of being killed - but danger in a sense of actual despiritualization.

I am serious about this ... when a spirit is creature and alive, dimly aware of a world beyond society, a world we came out of, a world we return to - when a live spirit is among deadened spirits ... The ego overshadows truth.



December 8 Thursday Evening

628

1050

Work was easy today, and I am able to relax in privacy this evening. The cold is coming, as we should get some snow flurries tomorrow. I read another chapter in GULAG TWO by Solzhenitsyn. I am inspired to write smaller, as I am trying to rise above the ego altogether. I am writing to be read, not to fill up pages just to name notebooks.

As I prepare for parole, I am preparing for the next phase of my spiritual awakening. The next ~~an~~ edition of my personal writings will be called "Spiritual Equilibrium" - in which I will attempt to get into the heart of truth. That may not be until mid-January (or sooner) ... but for sure, I am about to be released into the community under "Parole".

In GULAG and GULAG TWO, Solzhenitsyn reveals alot about the human spirit. In the conditions of the Archipelago, all the cynical, fatalistic mistrustfulness of the rek reveals what is demanded by life in order to survive in such terrible conditions. Life leaves an easy alternative ... the grave ... to go back into the ground, down into the earth ... to surrender to the glowing purification.

Through suffering, our soul is purified. I realize that my life has been only relatively painful. I have not yet come close to tasting suffering to the drugs.



December 9 Friday Evening

629

1051

Fate... the state van got hit from the back by a small car. We were coming from the job... the jolt from the impact was severe, but I only sprained my neck slightly.

The hospital gave me a neck brace - but I removed it when we got back to the unit.

The other 4 refs want to sue the lady's insurance company, but I just want to go home in 10 days!

I just want these next 10 days to go by, and I will leave here December 20.

I will even sign a paper that says I am not suing the state - just let me out on parole December 20th - and I will forget all about this.

Such tests... traps... and the amount of fools that herd together! amazing! The fools are greedy! Their greed blinds them, makes them wreckless leeches with no integrity.

PARASITICAL LEECHES! They call me "sucker". I call them "greedy fools".

Is a sprained neck worth being put on "medical hold"? NO.

I can only live my own life. No one else! Let them blab about what they are going to do. As for me... I do not want to be hassled... ~~10S-9S-8M-7T-6W-5T-4F-3S-2S-1M-0T~~  
~~W-W-W-S-S-W-W-W-W-Y-P~~



7 more work days. 2 more group days.  
1 trip to yardville and paroled!  
Fuck the suing and the overacting a small injury;  
not even an injury - I was temporarily stunned.  
No X-RAYS ... just a routine procedure to be  
given a neck brace.

Fate.

Why does this happen when I am 10 days ~~straight~~  
short of parole? Fuck all those assholes...

Man, I will be down the road on my  
way back to Freehold.

to the A.A. meetings.

to the Parks.

to the woods.

to my people.

~~Money~~ (GREED) is

Money is not bad when used for surviving in  
this civilization. Money is bad when greed  
controls a human being; when greed overpowers  
one's sense of integrity.

About the assholes ... I should not be  
bothered by assholes who irk me ... when  
someone irks me with their egotistical hype, I  
should merely walk onward ... the grave awaits all.



one shock back in Freehold is the construction underway on Rt. 33, the circle ... rt. 9 ... right at the heart of the sacred grounds. What I choose to call IT, capital "I", capital "T" stands for INDUSTRIAL TERROR; and it also may be taken literally as a giant, out of control "it" - that is destroying the wilderness to build houses, banks, malls, market places, ... the city is expanding and invading the peaceful villages...

Back in 1981, I was troubled by this, and by 1986 I was doing what I could to clean up the industrial debris left by construction.

The IT was getting much too close to my holy grounds, where I could actually sing and squat ... and walk barefoot.

There were always threats of Bell Labs building on the land where I would roam (trespass?). There were also rumors of a big change ... the mall to be built ...

The Grays old house is where I slept when homeless, and my mom tells me it is gone. ... terror. This big, ugly, expanding city has always caused me to feel dejected ... and I have developed a melancholy state of being. To return to my loving ground, and to sense the IT tearing into this holy wilderness will depress my spirit. I am ready.



1988.12.11

11.51.88p1

These real feelings and real ideas are the Chantings that flows within me, and I have left it on an ~~level~~ intellectual level for some time.

Now, as I am to be released back into the community on parole, it is time to get deeper into the emotional level of my "response".

That I am depressed by the destruction of the wilderness makes me a presence of a spiritual consciousness. That consciousness is sacred, and it radiates a glowing that will make the animals - trees - natives recognize me as such.

Moving away from ego image of personality, I get to the heart of the matter.

My spirit is on a path, and many spirits are in the landscape with me. No matter who is "deep" or "shallow", we all hunger and we all sleep... all our bones will go back into the ground whence they came forth.

Being that we are under pressure to conform to the rat race, we barely have a chance to seek and understand the true meaning of our lives.

I, for one, am in search of the gods and spirits.



634

1056

"Beyond the Bounds of Time" has been a collection of meditations during the last moons of my incarceration at Wharton Tract 1988. Now I continue to delve into a realm which I had been intimate with before I was "locked up". That realm is the realm/dimension where the spirits of the animals and plant life dwell... the realm of The Gods.

It is important to realize that this is real, and ~~although~~ I am speaking in a way that is not accepted by our modern culture, the spirits of the animals and plant-life are nonetheless real.

I have an inclination to believe that THE WAY IN WHICH ONE'S INNER BEING ~~may~~ INTERACTS WITH THE INNER BEINGS OF OTHER LIFE FORMS has much to do with one's "long-range" relationship with those life forms.

In other words, if one human being does not offer a prayer to the trees, if one is not depressed by the destruction of the wilderness, then WE WILL NOT PITY THAT PERSON ~~WHEN~~ (or that nation) WHEN THE LIFE FORMS OF NATURE'S WILDERNESS PULL AWAY THEIR GIVING!

In a sad, quiet, humble voice, I cry out to the disappearing wilderness... please do not pull away your giving from me... pull away your giving from the robot nation.



What I see now is that I am not like George Orwell himself, but like his main character in 1984 who writes a diary of his thoughts and feelings — which he must hide from society to protect himself from the system.

I keep in mind that the paper in these notebooks would dissolve and rot in the elements of the great wilderness — and the only things keeping them intact are the modern shelters which hide them from being weathered. Therefore, these writings are not reality, but only a temporary reflection of reality.

This CONSCIOUSNESS of the greater forces must always exceed my attachment to the writings. It is the same with modern recordings of music — exposed to the elements, disfigured ... NO MORE sockets or electrical wires ... NO MORE gimmicks and gadgets.

I still believe that writing in a diary is a better form of entertainment than watching television. I could practice this "improving the mind" even in a culture with a lower standard of living.

It is cold outside. If I were living outdoors — independent of a modern house, then my priorities would be more basic: I would be forced by life(death) itself to gather sticks for fire to keep warm, to cook plants in water or to cook a dead animal. Any other spiritual exercises would be inward and contemplative.



My spirit would still be creating and visualizing mental abstractions - but I would not jot these visions on paper. I would not give form to the invisible stirrings within ... I would not define the ever changing state of mind. Yet, while living in such conditions as modern America nearing the 21st century, I find my spirit directing a continuing stream of consciousness - in words, written words of the English language - onto paper in notebooks.

The question: unlike a novelist, who directs his creativity towards the public, I direct my creativity to a secret realm whom I believe senses my feelings without my giving form to them.

So why do I write and whom do I hope to read my writings?

Often I do not write anything but the for contemplative ideas which come into my head - as the stirrings of my emotional being.

Do I write just to slow down the meditative process? to catch the mental process as in a photograph? to simply record the silent voice of consciousness?

Alas, eventually the recordings will disappear, just as will my bones and blood.



The issue I am in now may seem irrelevant, but why continue to write if I have not yet comprehended the utter temporary nature of words?

Here, the ego is put in check and all glory goes to the spirit (the invisible landscape).

I am now questioning the very permanence of written contemplation. I find no answers, and I am left in awe of the mysteries of existence.

Nature experiments, and my being is just one of a long chain of these experiments.

My daily writing is a primitive version of the research of mental phenomena.

My tools: notebook and ink pen. That is the extent of the equipment. The source from which the ~~source~~ data comes from is: the mind. The data is: thought and spirit.

Yet, I do not "record" thought and spirit of their true essence - but merely give form to this invisible energy using a literate language. Oral language would be as efficient, yet whom is present to "listen"?

It seems that "the listener" here is within me, just as the "creative spirit" is within me.

Therefore, I come to the conclusion that I am writing an interpretation of vibrations out of the lack of need to focus on basic survival.



December 17 Saturday Evening

640

1062

This evening I am in a melancholy mood; in plain talk, I am depressed. Why? I do not know - why should I be depressed? I go home in 3 days... I and a wake up...

I called Tanis's house - and Joe's mother was on the answering side of the electric wires. She asked me whether I would go straight to their house - or be with my mom. I said I would be with mom all day and have dinner with her. She has to realize that mom is #1...

there will be some things I will make clear - and that is one of them: I will visit mom and go to A.A. meetings with her. {when she's off}. I will need PRIVACY to write. I will not want any nosy questions about what I am writing about in "those notebooks".

SATIRE!

I will live with Tanis, Joe, Joey, Mrs. Trolan for as long as possible --- I cannot be worrying about the military or college just now. I need to just slow down and live life on this earth while I am walking among the living.

I am melancholy - I cannot prevent it. It comes natural to me. I am no artist nor musician... just a careman who writes a diary.



649

1069

Saturday December 27

I saw Dad yesterday/this morning... walked on the beach... life... tonight I was with Mom, Tami, Joe, Joey, and I argued with Vick.

I really do not want to go to see the Webers tomorrow. Why do I have to go?

I am really depressed tonight  
WHY? WHY AM I SO SADDENED?

Is it because I have no "mate"?

Is it because I am an alcoholic?

Is it because I question our system of existence too deeply?

Why do I want to experience life's sufferings to the hags?

I have suffered enough. Why must I remain miserable. Am I negative, as is there a paradoxical JOY in my sadness?

Am I FIGHTING HAPPINESS?

Why am I rejecting "happiness"?

Where is the gratitude for every little thing?

Oh, yes. A lot on my mind. A lot of strange emotions... who is willing to share my DISCONCERN-  
ment?



1071

651

December 27 Tuesday Evening

→ I called the Parole office to let them know about the job I will begin Jan. 2 at Auto SpA. I also found out that my parole officer is Andy Numeier. I will call him tomorrow to find out when the next appointment is — and to explain about the problem with getting signatures from AA's.

I went to a step meeting tonight, and I come out focused on my spiritual development. All else will fall into place as long as I remain focused on the inner life.

The dream journals are an intimate and important aspect of FOCUSING ON INNER LIFE.

— cold outside and I have a "head cold" with clogged nasal. . . I will be careful riding bicycle in this cold weather: gloves, hat, coat. . .

I am still smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee. My nerves are calmed by these rituals.

Beginning with the next edition, I am really going to have to leave the journal by my bed — so as to get the dreams in the journals to INTERPRET some meaning.



December 28 Wednesday

652

Dream Recall

→ Riding Around In a Brown Mercedes Benz

→ I remember people, like Scott A Jim B Chuck B...  
Christina R... but it's hard to remember the plot.  
Ed H. (senior and junior).

I also remember seeing a couple girls... out on a  
job... being released from jail (me).

I rode my bike into town today. I went to  
the bank to cash two checks from Grandparents Henrich  
and from Dad. I needed no identification. On  
my way through Freehold, the air was warm with strong-  
mystical winds - so I was drawn to Topanemus Lane.

I stopped in to say hello to Greg - but he  
was out. His dad was home, and so we spoke for  
a short while about my spiritual growth.

He said he once went to A.A - and it  
changed his life. I explained about my financial  
position - how I ride a bicycle as my mode of  
transportation.

Mr. Gilray had some good insight on my  
existence - and how there is a positive  
side to my time incarcerated. Some may  
see it as a misfortune, yet it was a golden  
opportunity to look at my life objectively,  
and to reenter the community a changed creature.